SOME NEW BOOKS.

Price Collier's "Germany."

Mr. PRICE COLLIER'S *Germany and the Germans From an American Point of View* (Scribners) arouses pleasant anticipation among readers of his "India" and his "England." It is a considerable achievement, both for the author and for "the American point of view," that his commentary on India should have been found so illuminating and so nearly indispensable, even after India had ceased to lack the sacred poet, having so decisively found him in Mr. Kipling. Germany is a more difficult subject in which to interest readers of English, Germany being so much less of an unknown land to them. But of course England is still less unknown, and in the interval between the "India" and the "Germany" Mr. Collier has managed to interest them, English as well as American, and to find points of novelty in the tritest of subjects.

For considering his new subject the author has the advantage of an early education in Germany at a time when imperial and even political Germany, in our modern sense, had scarcely begun to be, and is able to make his comparisons and contrasts at first hand. This circumstance adds to the interest of the author's personal observations, an interest which falls when he goes behind them. In fact many readers will be disposed to skip the first chapter, which is a swift historical summary, and which they may think they know enough about already. The conclusion which emerges from it is that the Germans are a singularly submissive—Mr. Collier's word is "patient"—people whose submissiveness has been ruthlessly exploited by their hereditary rulers. Even now only the Russians, not even the Austrians, are equally submissive. If Metternich, who did survive until 1860, had only survived until now he would have had still more reason to say, as he is here quoted as saying, that "the cause of all the trouble is the attempt of a small faction to introduce the sovereignty of the people under the guise of a representative system," though by this time it would probably have seemed, even to Metternich, fatuous to say it. At present it seems that north Germany much more than south is the fastness of the "principle of authority." To a modern American, a modern Englishman or a modern Frenchman it is quite inconceivable how during our Revolution, when George the Third's Government had brought itself, in Chatham's language, to "traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign country," the subjects should not have resisted being "sold and sent." Apparently it is not even yet inconceivable to a modern German. The author goes so far as to call them pitifully tame people accustomed to submission."

However that may be, the thesis of this book, so to say, is that the Germans are, beyond other people, plastic in the hands of their rulers, whether dynastic, as in the case of the present Emperor, or the servants and guardians of dynasties, as in the case of Bismarck. The subjects are the clay, the rulers are the potters. For the two potters just named the author's admiration is unbounded. At least it is without bounds in the case of Bismarck, and it is not easy to fix its boundaries in the case of William II. There is a chapter on the latter entitled "The Indiscreet," which is one of the most interesting in the book, as for now some quarter of a century its subject has been one of the most interesting men in Europe. But it has all along been plain that his career could not have been run in any other country than his own. In no other would he have found the clay so plastic to his shaping hand as, in spite of the ever growing power of the Social Democrats, he has found it in his own land; in Prussia, naturally, most of all. But he has performed a still more remarkable feat in continuing to impose so much of his will on the smaller German States which Bismarck united into the German Empire under the hegemony of Prussia. These States had their own little patriotisms and their own little or large antagonisms, of which the largest and the most pervading was the dislike and distrust of the big bully which they all considered Prussia to be. It is here observed: "If you dislike Prussia, do not attempt to revile her yourself; rather go to Posen and hear it done in a far more satisfying way." And yet, taking all the large questions upon which he had set his heart, the German Emperor has had as much of his own way as the King of Prussia. He has "imposed himself" not by dint of reason, for on many of the points originally in dispute the Germans of the smaller States are still against him, but by sheer masterfulness. The conclusion which Mr. Collier draws seems to be inevitable that the Emperor has had unusually malleable material to deal with. As he puts it, the Germans "have been led and driven and welded by powerful individuals. No Magna Charta, no Cromwell, no Declaration of Independence is to be found in German history. No vigorous demand from the people themselves marks their progress." The liberty of thinking, as the author has it, the liberty of dreaming, is that which the Germans value most, and he goes on to cite, "as Voltaire phrased it, France ruled the land, England the sea and Germany the clouds even as late as the middle of the nineteenth century," only it happens not to have been Voltaire but Jean Paul who "phrased it." "There is a curious combination of legal and governmental slavery and of spiritual and intellectual freedom."

It follows that all the great achievements of the modern Germany, instead of proceeding, as the like achievements of the United States in the same period have proceeded, from individual initiative, have been performed in execution of a preconceived programme, framed and imposed by public authority. The greatness of the German achievements the present volume is far from belittling. On the contrary the appreciation of them rises to enthusiasm. Berlin is the most impressive object lesson in municipal housekeeping to be seen in the world to-day, having outdistanced its model. Of the model Mr. Collier has to say, possibly with some exaggeration, although his statement of the case is borne out by other recent reporters, "Paris is now without a rival as the dirtiest, worst paved capital in Europe and the home of social anarchy. When Germany deals with the inanimate and amenable factors of life she brings the machinery of modern civilization well nigh to the point of perfection." From the west the streets and parkways and roadways give Berlin "the most splendid street entrance to a city in the world." The casual street crowd, the promiscuous "people" are "better clothed, better fed and cared for and have far more opportunities for rational enjoyment and a thousand fold more æsthetic enjoyment than either the English or the American."

But there is a reverse side to the picture. "Hans is always Hans" and the Berlinese bourgeois are peasants, with the aspect and the manners of peasants. A well dressed man is a wonder. The street manners are bad. The policing of the streets is bad, much worse than in New York, although the New York street crowd is so much better able to handle itself than the street crowd of Berlin. The open display of sentimentalism is repulsive to the self-restrained Anglo-Saxon. "It is a commentary, not a criticism, on international manners that the German royal princess, a particularly sweet and simple maiden, is photographed walking in the streets of Berlin, her hand clasped in that of her betrothed, and both he and her brother, who accompanies them, smoking."

In treating of "German Political Parties" the author gives some insight into what appears to the untravelled to be the political ineptitude of the Germans, who split up into permanent "groups" instead of coalescing into two parties upon the dominant issue of the time, whatever that may be. At any time since 1881 it would have taken a combination of two groups to carry a measure through the Reichstag. At present it would take a combination of all the other groups, four in number, decisively to defeat the Socialists, who have increased their representation from 10 per cent. in 1881 to 34.8 in 1911. It is characteristic of German politics that there should be three members of the Reichstag who classify themselves as "anti-Semites," and who regard all other issues as of no account in comparison with that of diminishing the power and influence of the Jews. It is true that these three pelicans in the wilderness are by no means the only anti-Semitic delegates. Mr. Collier points out that the "Centre," composed of the Agrarians and the Conservatives and the Catholics, is equally anti-Semitic with the professors of anti-Semitism, although the members of these groups think there are other issues worth discussing. The strength and extent of the anti-Semitic feeling seem especially remarkable to an American when he considers that there are half as many Jews again in the city of New York as in the whole German Empire, the figures being, according to the present authority, 900,000 for New York against 600,000 for all Germany, of whom 100,000 are in Berlin.

The German feeling is largely inherited. Martin Luther advised the burning of the synagogues, schools and even dwellings of the Jews. Jews own some of the most popular of the German journals, and, indeed, journalists have no such standing in Germany as in England or the United States, to say nothing of France. They are by no means so well paid. "There are not three editors in Germany who receive so much as $6,000 a year, and the majority are paid from $1,200 to $3,000." Maximilian Harden is almost the only journalist in Germany who has made himself felt as a political power, and his conspicuous success is marked by an income of nearly $40,000, which would, of course, be remarkable only in Germany. The German opposition to the Jew, it appears, is that he is in the first place a foreigner, a man without a country, and in the second place a materialist, whereas every German prides himself on being an idealist. "The German imagines that he has done something when he has had an idea, just as the Frenchman imagines that he has done something when he has made an epigram." With these sentiments on the part of the community it is not remarkable that a press so largely controlled by members of what is regarded as both a hostile and an inferior race should lack the political influence which in fact it does not deserve by the quality of its political writing. It follows that a press of this kind will devote itself to inflaming instead of abating popular prejudices. It has been often shown how rancorous a great part of the German press showed itself to be during the South African war, but Mr. Collier cites a more outrageous case: "Every gentleman in Germany must have been ashamed of the writing in the German press after the sinking of the Titanic. * * * The quality of the German journalist, with half a dozen exceptions, was betrayed to the full in those few days, and many a Germar cheek mantled with shame."

In fact the display of chivalry on the part of the passengers of the Titanic was such a national or "racial" vindication as has hardly been furnished by men of any other nationalities on a like occasion, and might have disarmed the rancor of anybody but a savage. The German notion of chivalry is the implicit subject of the chapter entitled "The Distaff Side." The observations of the latest writer on Germany differ so widely upon this head from those of the earliest, the Tacitus whom Mr. Collier rather freely quotes, as to invite one's assent to Johnson's saying, "There is no permanent national character." At all events the customary attitude of the German man toward the German woman is here represented as one "of condescension among the polite and of carelessness bordering on contempt among the rude." That is very far from what one makes out from the "Germania." The modern German looks after himself first, without compunction and without complaint from the weaker vessel. Some of the instances here given add probability to the anecdote of the member of a German scientific party touring the United States who informed an inquiring American that he did not like the American sleeping cars: "It is so hard for our wives to get into those upper berths." There are many other anecdotes to the same effect, so many that the reader, who is in no condition to verify Mr. Collier's observations, cannot but find them credible and cease to wonder that the German marriage service still contains the admonition to the bride: "He shall be your ruler and you shall be his vassal." As to weightier matters, the family and the home are, of course, as sacred and secure in Germany as they are in any country. It is the essential soundness of the German household, not really impaired by the rather startling statistics of illegitimacy given here, which makes the German immigrant so desirable and valuable a citizen and makes it so much a matter of regret for us that German immigration has so dwindled and been supplanted by other incomers by no means equally assimilable. Mr. Collier gives the figures, which are adapted to induce reflection. "In 1882 western Europe sent us 563,174 settlers, or 87 per cent., while southern and eastern Europe and Asiatic Turkey sent 83,367, or 13 per cent. In 1905 western Europe sent 215,863, or 21.7 per cent., and southern and eastern Europe and Asiatic Turkey 808,856, or 78.9 per cent." And in another place he remarks: "Every schoolboy should be taught that Rome died of a disease contracted from contact with the Oriental, the Syrian, the Jew, the Greek, the riffraff of the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranen; who, by the way, make up the bulk of the immigration into America at this time. Rome was an incurable invalid long before the Germans took control of the Western world and saved it." There would perhaps be some awkwardness in the inculcation of the lesson upon the children of the "riffraff" who must be included under "every schoolboy."

The gist of the book is that modern Germany has been made and has not grown. So much power is given to one man that his failure to use it wisely threatens the prosperity and even the existence of his State. What Frederick the Great built his immediate successor came near demolishing. That is a danger of the extreme artificiality of the German political system. Economically "Germany is like a man with $1,000 in the bank to check upon, but doing business with $100,000 of borrowed capital, upon which he must pay interest and out of which he must pay his running expenses. Such a one has no provision for a bad year and must depend upon more credit in case of trouble, and in the case of Germany it may be added that his personal and family expenses have largely increased."

However all this may be, Mr. Collier is ungrudging in his admiration for what the German Empire has accomplished under the reign of its present ruler, who reigns and also governs. There is very much in the book, and perhaps the best parts of it, which cannot be even glanced at within the limits of this notice. But it is all well worth reading.

"Dutch Colonials."

An agreeable and useful volume is *The Dutch Colonial House* (McBride, Nast and Company) by AYMAR EMBURY II. The author is known as a successful designer of those picturesque country houses which are the chief contributions of American architects to their art. He is known also as a diligent antiquary, "archæologist" being much too big a word for an investigator of our Colonial antiquities, of which the oldest is only a little over two centuries of age. He has hunted out and photographed and described the most interesting of our Colonial churches and has also preserved photographic records, while there is still time, of the picturesqueness, for example, of New Orleans, where Thackeray sixty years ago found "a quaint old France lingering on the shore of the Mississippi." To these good works he has now added an investigation of the Dutch Colonial house. This is interesting not only intrinsically but because it was discovered by certain architects a dozen years or so ago that it was highly available, in the suggestions which it afforded, for modern country and suburban houses of moderate size and cost. It is perhaps at present the prevailing type for picturesque rurality and suburbanity.

Of course the revived Colonial is much older than the revived Dutch Colonial. It is in fact rather striking to see what a variety of forms and methods of construction the word "Colonial" connotes. But the revival of Colonial about a generation ago, as a safe refuge from the perky modernness then mostly in vogue, was pretty much inspired by the examples of New England, where were by no means all the models and hints available to the modern architect. The stone farmhouses and eke the stone barns of Colonial Pennsylvania, have since been taken in hand by sensitive and cultivated designers, as everybody knows who knows the suburbs of Philadelphia. For more extensive and pretentious constructions the big brick mansions of old Virginia and old Maryland have been laid under contribution, though it seems that Mr. Embury is hardly warranted in saying that "the typical Southern house was of brick." Jefferson of course knew his Virginia, both central Virginia, where he lived, and peninsular Virginia, where he had gone to college and served in the Legislature. In that famous complaint in the "Notes on Virginia," in which he complains that "the genius of architecture seems to have shed its maledictions over this land," he partly accounts for the badness of the building by "the unhappy prejudice that houses of brick or stone are less wholesome than those of wood." Elsewhere he says: "The private buildings are very rarely constructed of stone or brick, much the greatest portion being of scantling and boards, plastered with lime. It is impossible to devise things more ugly, uncomfortable and happily more perishable." This is proof that the vernacular building of Colonial Virginia was never of brick. It can be reconciled with Mr. Embury's statement only by confining "the typical Southern house" to a mansion of uncommon pretensions, such as a few only of the richest Virginians were able to erect, and took particular pride in erecting, for, as Burke remarked, "the inhabitants of Virginia are a cheerful, hospitable, and many of them a genteel, but somewhat vain and ostentatious people."

The Virginian brick house, "typical" or not, was assuredly never vernacular, which was exactly what the Dutch house of New York and New Jersey was. Some examples are left which date back to the seventeenth century, such as the Van Cortlandt manor house at Croton and the Sipp house on Bergen Hill, or "Jersey City Heights," and the older part of the Phillipse manor house, now the City Hall of Yonkers. Like all their successors, they show the most straightforward adaptation of means to ends, and the employment in their appropriate forms of the material readiest to hand. The result had very little in common with the Dutch Renaissance which prevailed in Holland at the same date. The examples just given are all of country houses. In town houses, the manner and the materials of the "metropole" were followed, and the houses were of Dutch brick, Dutch in size and shape, whether baked in Holland or in America. Such was the last of the Dutch houses in Albany which was demolished not so many years ago. On the western side of the North River, where Mr. Embury's search has been rewarded by the discovery of a large number of interesting examples, "Jersey brown stone" was abundant. Mr. Embury assumes that all of it was field stone, glacially deposited. But as it is clear that it was to some extent worked and cut, to make regular courses, operations which the nature of the stone made exceptionally easy, it is reasonable to suppose that much of it may have been quarried. In any case it was a material ready to hand and abundant, and it was employed in the simplest way. This was to lay up a rectangular enclosure of stone wall for the first story and to save time and trouble by setting upon this the roof, with space for low rooms above the stonework, the whole superstructure being of wood, including the gables. In a seventeenth century Dutch house in Gowanus, however, destroyed some years ago, but piously preserved in one of Mrs. Greatorex's etchings, the gables were of stone, a much tougher stone than that of New Jersey, and accordingly quoined in brick at the openings, which in the New Jersey houses were often covered with wooden lintels. If additional room was needed it was supplied in smaller and lower enclosures by way of wings, on one or both sides of the main block.

Nothing could be simpler or more straightforward than this construction. As it was of but a story and a half in height, and as long as the builder needed or could afford to build it, it answered perfectly the modern demand for a "long, low house" as being the most pleasing and least pretentious form in its exterior architecture. There is no better way to obtain the effect of length and of "lowth," to revive a word which it is a pity should have gone obsolete. A characteristic feature of the old Dutch houses is the gambrel roof, or roof in two pitches. This is as characteristic of the Colonial architecture of New England as of New Netherland, though Mr. Embury assures us that in New England it was known as a "Dutch" roof. The common name for it is at any rate English, as in Holmes's "Parson Turell's Legacy" and the gambrel roofed houses of old Cambridge:

> Gambrel? Gambrel? Let me beg
> You'll look at a horse's hinder leg
> First great angle above the hoof—
> That's the gambrel; hence gambrel roof.

But the Dutch builders, led to it either by reason or taste or by both, having tried it and found that it looked good besides being effective and economical, added a touch of grace to the construction by projecting the roof over the substructure in a sweeping curve. The primary purpose of the projection was to protect the stone wall underneath from the weather. The flattening of the line into a curve avoided the unnecessary darkening of the rooms below which would have resulted from prolonging the straight slope of the pitch. The greater the projection the greater the protection from the "eaves' droppings," and so the projection became such as to convert the eaves into an available veranda, and to supply the house with a highly decorative feature. Curiously the beauty of the form thus developed or else its incidental convenience so commended it that it survived its original purpose. Over on the plains of Long Island there was no building stone available, and consequently no occasion for protecting from the weather the walls now converted from masonry to clapboarding. And yet the projection of the roof in a sweeping curve is as common in the old Dutch houses of Flatbush, or of such of them as may remain, as in the old Dutch houses of New Jersey, where their reason of being was clear.

Mr. Embury's text is worth reading and the profusion and excellence of his photographs and the intrinsic interest of their subjects make the volume amusing to look over, even for people who have not the least intention of building Dutch cottages.

The Religion of Ancient Egypt.

The common idea of the religion of ancient Egypt is a hazy jumble of pyramids and priests, a sun god and a river god, and hovering over all a sacred cat of about the same standing in respect of informing significance as Alice's Cheshire monster. Even the reading man of fair attainments is familiar with uncoordinated cults rather than with the organically consecutive history of the rise and fall of a religious system. Such knowledge is the province of the specialist and even he is embarrassed by the wealth of memorabilia of the external aspects of Egyptian religion and the comparative dearth of chronologically ordered chronicle. Great advance has been made latterly in exactly this direction, the fitting to pattern of a chaos of material.

In *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt* (Scribners) Dr. JAMES HENRY BREASTED, professor of Egyptology and Oriental history in the University of Chicago, collects his lectures delivered on the Morse foundation at Union Theological Seminary. The core of the book is the placing of the Pyramid Texts (Sethe's edition) into their proper place in an orderly exposition of a religion in the making. Naturally in such a scheme the more familiar symbolism of cult and ritual is subordinated to the social development of the religious philosophy. The sacred cat and bull are left with the origin of their favored status unexplored, while the thread of faith formulation is traced through the web of history: "Owing to their vast extent, the mere bulk of the materials available, this [the old, conventional, horizontal, historic-encyclopædic, not the present vertically progressive] method of study and presentation has resulted in a very complicated and detailed picture in which the great drift of the development as the successive forces of civilization dominated has not been discernible." No attempt is made to trace the interrelation of all the categories of life, thought and civilization on religion; the treatment is eclectic, taking up those phases in which development and expansion can be most clearly traced. For the non-specialist reader perhaps the finest flavor of the story will be found to reside in the copious illustrative excerpts from the source texts.

No summary of such an exposition can be made without cruelty to the original argument, but the contents of the book may be indicated. Thanks to the isolation of the Nile Valley, Egypt exhibits a development uninterrupted by foreign inundation for thirty centuries. With the coalition, about 3400 B. C., of the prehistoric principalities into a national state, the confusion of primitive native myths began to assume an organization in which the forms of the state were extended into the world of the gods. Then the process runs: the gods, losing their origin and function in nature, become actively interested in human affairs; a royal hereafter develops; the Osirian nether world comes into conflict with the solar or celestial hereafter, and the struggle between the state form of religion and the popular faith begins; with the emergence of the moral sense, the correlation of the ethical quality of mundane life with the degree of felicity after death, come scepticism and the problem of suffering; next the social forces impinge upon religion, the old royal and aristocratic hereafter is popularized; the imperial age brings monotheism (sixteenth century B. C.) and personal piety; sacerdotalism triumphs, religion decays into formalism, and decays with the conquering advance of the Græco-Roman world.

Prof. Breasted brings out rather nicely the underlying physical and psychological facts of Egypt that influenced the growth of the religious idea. Out of "the all enveloping glory and power of the Egyptian sun, the most insistent fact of the Nile Valley," came the great sun god variously known as Re, Horus, Khepri; and out of the Nile, with its recurrent life giving floods, grew the mysterious Osiris. The long conflict between the solar and the nether world myths, with the various symbolism of its origins, the death and resurrection, the council of the gods and the punishment of the offending god Set, is excellently told with running extracts from the Utterances of the Pyramid Texts.

The lecture on life after death is informing:

> Among no people, ancient or modern, has the idea of a life beyond the grave held so prominent a place as among the ancient Egyptians. This insistent belief in a hereafter may perhaps have been, and experience in the land of Egypt has led me to believe it was, greatly favored and influenced by the fact that the conditions of soil and climate resulted in such a remarkable preservation of the human body as may be found under natural conditions nowhere else in the world.

Out of this physical fact grew a "psychology of the dead" in which ideas of a quasi-physical immanence in the tomb and a sort of celestial immortality in the ka, a protecting genius, the body's mate, interpenetrate and blend into the final conception of a hereafter. This development the author traces through mortuary custom and ritual in popular observances and the building of the pyramids and organization of priesthoods, with corporate endowments, after "it became the chief object of the State to ensure the king's survival in the hereafter." Though the book is not solemn it is serious, and does not hint at the inevitable suggestion to the non-specialist mind of an admixture in all this of a certain element of sophisticated priestly mummery.

Referring to the adjacent beliefs that the dead continued to live in the tomb and that he departed "to a distant and blessed realm," the professor says: "We who continue to place flowers on the graves of our dead, though we may at the same time cherish beliefs in some remote paradise of the departed, should find nothing to wonder at in the conflicting beliefs and practices of the ancient Nile dweller 5,000 years ago." This is disrespectful not so much to the Christian belief as to the general intelligence. Church affiliation does not regulate the treatment of graves. Neither the believer nor the unbeliever in immortality and "the resurrection of the body" decorates a grave with other than emotional symbolism. It is the lasting quality of the friendship or love that is celebrated, not the permanence of soul or body. This modern (not particularly admirable) token of respect and symbol of sorrow is not at all to be compared with the offerings of food and material equipment at the Egyptian tomb.

Professor Breasted's book will be prized by the ordinary reader for its generous quotation of Egyptian "sources" not easily available.

The Rising Generation Blows Its Trumpet.

In *Youth and Life*, a series of insurgent essays by RANDOLPH S. BOURNE (Houghton Mifflin), the struggle of the generations is philosophized by a very youthful writer. Youth's hot headed charge up the uncontested slope that leads to the plateau of prosaic middle age was never made with more insistent bugle call than in this book. When the author has in his turn undergone the common process of absorption into the ranks of youth's adopted, not aggressive opponents he will, so he hold true to his present lofty standards, give us a picture of real life worth studying. The present essays are to be judged solely as a candid vocalization of youth in its theories, dreams, aspirations and high resolves of reform for a wicked old world, a lapsy sinner the error of whose ways must be willynilly made right. As we all either are or have been young, the need for such a book can rest only upon our inability or disinclination to philosophize on youth and a complementarily assumed readiness to follow the speculations of others. These writings are amusing, entertaining and of value precisely as those qualities belong to the abstract idea of youth itself.

The mere choice of subjects is significant in a collection of essays. These deal with youth's outlook, with "the two generations," "the excitement of friendship," spiritual adventure, "the experimental life," "the dodging of pressures," religion, mysticism and radicalism, the colleges and the author's physical disabilities worked into "a philosophy of handicap" whose somewhat distasteful topic is alleviated by keen analysis and the power of honest self-expression.

We shall not quarrel with the essayist. His own opinion of this firstling of his flock ten or fifteen years from now will be much the same as our present opinion. Passing over his theories on the upbringing of children, the "arrogance" of adults, the remodelling of a world that if it does not indeed go round and round the same old circle is at best climbing by a mighty slow spiral, we consider two passages typically representative of Mr. Bourne's work; one on the traditional value of experience, the other on resistance to convention.

Youth scorns the inertia of the elders; it detects the alleged sophistry of their argument of experience:

> Old men cherish a fond delusion that there is something mystically valuable in mere quantity of experience. The fact is that it is the young people who have all the really valuable experience. It is they who have constantly to face new situations, to react constantly to new aspects of life, who are getting the whole beauty and terror and cruelty of the world in its fresh and undiluted purity. It is only the interpretation of this first collision of life that is worth anything. For the weakness of experience is that it so soon gets stereotyped.

In spite of the limited range of observation here displayed, due precisely to the philosopher's lack of experience, this is sensible so far as it goes. Young throats gag when the experience pill is crammed down them by harsh, heavy handed elders; the medicine is good, but the method of administration is repulsive and nugatory. Reported experiences demonstrate no fixed principle; no massing of them can match in teaching value a single one at first hand. But that does not vitiate the quality of the preaching from the older man's viewpoint. The "sophism" is a complex of influences. The effectiveness of empirical teaching depends on the quality of the experience, the deductive logic and persuasive eloquence of the teacher, the intelligent receptivity of the pupil and his exercise of critical appreciation. The youth writing under supposed retainer from youth faces with sealed eyelids the utilitarian value of convention. The institution of family life, which he treats with scant respect; the conventions of private and public life, the whole rule book is a social safeguard not built but evolved; the wise surrender that youth scorns, then makes—these are all conventions of prudence. Here as too often in its high ideals of honor the outlook of youth is individual, nobly selfish rather than usefully social.

Conformity is a safety valve at which the expanding vapor of youth ceaselessly hisses. There is discernment and, for a professed and zealous disciple of progressivism, commendable moderation, with fairness of expression, in this:

> It is even doubtful whether business or professional success, except in the domain of science and art, can be attained without a certain betrayal of soul. The betrayal may have been small, but at some point one has yielded to alien forces and conformed to what the heart did not assent to.

Why the exceptions? Is there not the temptation to chicanery in both, and rewards to be won by the skilful appeal to the flabby fibre of popular favor?

The arraignment is not based on social dishonesty, but on those concessions which are wrung from us all by the compulsion of a bread and butter life that does not, despite all the dreaming of the visionary, leave the spirit free. But the indictment goes further: "The novice soon finds that he is expected to defend the citadel even against his own heresies." The lawyer is not encouraged to publish abroad his discovery of anomalies in the law; the student to remodel the study; the preacher to air his revision of the formal creeds; the business man to "expose" his lax or corrupt associates.

Professional huggermuggery is not now discovered for the first time; nor does this discoverer enter such a claim for the product of his studies. He admits the cause of the lamentable condition is not in "corrupt connivance," but in "the instinctive reaction of the herd against anything that savors of the unusual, the tendency of every social group simply to resist change."

Constraint upon the young reformer is not the unwise, cruel thing it is here painted. It is protection. Remove the safeguard of the conservative spirit, open the way to the remodeller, and the result would be, if not anarchy, at best the substitution for the old organization of a new one that newly rising reformers would again confront, tear down, and replace with an organization of their own. By this process it is that the progressive impulse of one generation becomes the reactionary drag of the next.

If the strength of conviction were the measure of its correctness, constraint were a less imperative necessity; but mediocrity is a stranger to the misgivings of genius. Its "positive knowledge" may be as mistaken as its belief is profound and sincere. Unrestrained it leads to the degeneration of liberty into license. In the multitude of rulers there is no rule. Without its corpus of precedent the law would be inadequate; its structure is organic, not mechanical. Teaching and preaching must fit the masses of pupils and parishioners. The student who is a genius, the parson who discovers new spiritual truth, must approve his superior powers and enlightenment in the open lists. The pressure of the organization forcing the reformer "back into the required grooves" is the shield of society if the reform is not right, the whetstone for the reformer's sword if the weapon is to be keen of blade as well as true of temper.

Mr. Bourne's essays fuse nicely into book form; the work is homogeneous. It is a world and a half away from the diseased philosophy of a large group of the younger present day British essayists. Its success will be that of a competent ex parte statement for the complainant in Youth vs. Life; its failure that of an attempt to make literature out of a partial philosophy. Great books are those that see life whole.

An Artist's Memorial.

Any man who can write a readable diary is a great man. The range of possibility extends all the way from Pepys's chronicle of small beer to the spiritual exaltation of Amiel's "Journal Intime," with innumerable intermediary variations. The litmus for testing a diary as literature is its sincerity; be the writer angel or devil, so he write himself down as he is, not as he would be or would be thought to be, he shall make a book worth the while. It is such frankness that gives charm to *Stowe Notes, Letters and Verses*, published now, seventeen years after the writer's death, by his friends as a memorial to EDWARD MARTIN TABER (Houghton Mifflin Company). Mr. Taber was born on Staten Island, July 21, 1863. His unusual ability with pen and pencil promised a career of distinguished artistic achievement, but ill health prevented anything like conclusive fulfilment of the promise; he died September 9, 1896, at Washington, Conn. From 1887 almost to the end of his short life he lived in happy seclusion on a Vermont farm, drawing, writing and dreaming. "Stowe Notes" is the fruitage of those fallow years.

The makers of the book expect "these fragments" to "take their place in the world's precious store of great men's journals." The probabilities of fulfilment for this expectation may be measured by analysis of the contents. The book must stand or fall on its intrinsic merits, for there is no Taber cult to support it, no evidence to be drawn from the salesrooms of art. The personality it reveals is known only through this present revelation. One does not at 33 possess final standing. Even Keats, dead at 26, had not much more than "staked his claim," the mother lode untapped. Mr. Taber had in 1896 no more than completed his self-schooling. His writing is mature, disciplined, full toned and confident; but painting was his choice of a life work, and it is in a highly complimentary sense that we say that judging from the present artistic reproductions of his brush work, these pictures were not the peak of straining mediocrity but the searchings, at the very threshold of a fine artistic self-realization, of a rarely gifted personality.

The writing, pure in diction, chaste in style, is yet not an achievement but a promise; and not so full termed a promise as the painting. In the "Notes" there is lacking the dramatic element of development; the theme is not progressive. It cuts horizontally, not vertically. We get the trees, the birds, the flowers, the mountains and skies of our northland, in all the moods of the seasons' round; but, in direct opposition no doubt to the fond belief of the writer's faithful friends, to us it seems rather a portrait of physical aspects than an evocation of spiritual essence. Nature is pictured, not interpreted. The outlook is that of the naturalist, not the poet—though the language is far from prosaic, and the observation not scientifically trained. Paradoxical as this may seem, the writing has sentiment rather than power, beauty but not depth. This, one superlatively praiseworthy quality is in it, that not one word is morbid, there is no slightest hint of physical affliction. There is, however, a certain occasional preciosity, a yielding to the subtle temptations of word magic.

This defect is not apparent in the letters. These are spontaneous, frank, bright and keen. The contrast between the notes and the letters is exhibited in comparison of a passage on the sound of wind in the different kinds of trees with this on the nature of the ox:

> I spent this morning in the sugar woods watching the oxen hauling logs. There is a popular notion that the ox is a slow, stately and rather dull animal. If you would follow them spring over fallen trees, pushing their way through underbrush, sliding down steep icy slopes, plunging full depth in bogs, always extricating themselves with alertness and despatch, you would change your preconceived ideas and regard them as particularly spry and intelligent creatures. Notwithstanding all their cleverness the poor things end every day with cut and bleeding knees. It is terrible to see animals so mercilessly driven; but you can hardly wonder at it when you see what horrible tasks the men themselves perform.

That gives quite a new touch to the popular imagination of what goes on in the sugar woods of Vermont when the sap is running. Any city dweller can go to the park and hear the wind in the trees; but who has seen the oxen toil under the maples of the Green Mountain State? The labels on the bottles give an exaggeratedly cheery impression.

Most people, we fancy, would find more fellowship in the letter writer than in the diarist. To his sister he writes from New York about "the Hanlon show":

> I don't know that I ever entertained any notions respecting the devil; it's a little hard to criticise anybody's *Mephistopheles*, and to be it from me to attempt the like with Mr. Irving's. He is very picturesque and certainly a figure that remains vividly in mind. He is perhaps a little inadequate at moments that require great force, as, for instance, when he reminds *Faust* that he has to do with the devil. You would delight, I assure, in all the scenes with *Martha*. His costume and makeup are admirable, his face what Hawthorne calls, in speaking of the dead Judge Pyncheon, "a swarthy pallor."

And again:

> I have been trying to read "Richard Feverel," but I don't seem to get on very fast with much enjoyment. I like the admirable choice of words and I am impressed continually with its cleverness; but the story is explained, rather than told, in too lofty a manner, with words and phrases in capitals—like Charles Reade-like for my taste.

He reprehends the "false note" in Shelley, apostrophizing the skylark "Bird thou never wert"; "Wordsworth would have taken pleasure to allow [sic] the skylark a bird, not a spirit." Ibsen's "Ghosts" (this in 1890) is marked by "signal intemperance," an "aimless and misdirected attack upon society, a meaningless display of ugliness." The letters are vivacious, various in topic certainly worth reading, if something short of immortal literature.

This is a large and beautiful volume copiously and handsomely illustrated. The text is sound and wholesome, purely "American" in the pleasantest connotation, an interesting record of an ambitious and gifted young man's life. The descriptions of weather and scenery are reproductions rather than descriptions; this unusual power is the prime merit of the full year's diary. There is almost too much of the painter's appreciation of colors, in a literal sense it is overdone. The paintings, reproduced without color, show an almost austere honesty; a very slight editing of "nature's book" would have improved them. She no more than other supremely great composers is wholly beyond the emendatory range of the dele. The pencil drawings of flowers are delightful in their dainty accuracy and finish, and the stories of Red Riding Hood and Cinderella are told in pictures that would do high honor to the pages of the best made magazine for young folk. The verse is pretty but not distinctive.

"Stowe Notes" will lend grace to any library table. It is a book not to read through, but to browse in beside an open fire, with apples and foaming cider and a pipe "on the side." It demonstrates amply that a career with real potentiality of artistic production was cut short in 1896; though, lacking the performance that would have marked these lapsed nearly two score years to give zest to the retrospection, it is hardly to be supposed that the book will be ranked with the great journals. The absence of march and climax is the obstacle.

A FAR WESTERN "GARDEN OF ALLAH"

A reader of Grace MacGowan Cooke's "The Joy Bringer" recently pointed out to the author points of comparison with "The Garden of Allah," a love story against a desert background.

"That is an interesting view of it," replied Mrs. Cooke, "but I think I must say that Mr. Hichens had a comfortable hotel to go to and a lot of white people about him for the main portion of his story. In my case, I had to go to the Indian reservation and live there among the Indians, just as they themselves live, and I had to get permission from the Indian agent to do even that. Aside from everything else, however, I must say that the painted desert is certainly the American garden of Allah. It is known to but a few people who go in annually for the snake dance in August. I have never been in Egypt, but I believe that the Hopis and their villages are very Egyptian. The whole thing is a wonder in the middle of our country. Seventy-five years ago they banded together and drove out the Franciscans, slaughtering the most of them and confiscating the missions and what was in them. Their Franciscan teaching has left its mark on their mythology and folklore. The Spanish they got has left its mark on their language, but I don't think their civilization (and they have one, at about the stone age development) is affected by it."

WOMAN WRITES OF THE OREGON COUNTRY

Virgie E. Roe, author of "The Heart of the Night Wind," is an "out of doors" person. She has spent the last six years in the Oregon country, living the life of the lumber camps, riding and tramping through the forests. Daily's lumber camp, which she describes in her story, is a real one, though with a different name, and one in which she spent several months watching the big trees being felled and the great rafts starting down to the sea. Here too she delved for all the romance with which such life is filled and which she knows so well how to reproduce for her readers.

The region of the Siletz and the Yaquina is authentic; the landmarks and names are for the most part real ones. The timber frauds which contribute a large share in the development of the plot are the real frauds that Francis J. Heney unearthed some years back and which caused a considerable scandal at the time.

Miss Roe says of this new story, "The Heart of the Night Wind": "I have tried faithfully to portray the country and its people, its beauties and its peccadilloes, its magnificent forests and the charm of its mighty hills, its bigness, its man size labor and its wealth."